

[H. A. Welles]

LM [??] [dup?]

FORM A Circumstances of Interview

NAME OF WORKER George Hartman ADDRESS 2438 W. Lincoln, Nebr.

DATE November 9, 1938 SUBJECT Folklore

November 18, 1938

1. Name and address of informant H. A. Welles, 1106 No. 27th
2. Date and time of interview
3. Place of interview 1106 No. 27th
4. Name and address of person, if any, [?] who put you in touch with informant None
5. Name and address of person, if any, accompanying you None
6. Description of room, house, surroundings, etc.

Lives in old home, has printing shack in the back of old house. C15[?]

FORM B Personal History of Informant

NAME OF WORKER George Hartman ADDRESS 2438 W. St., Lincoln

DATE November9, 1938 SUBJECT Folklore

NAME AND ADDRESS OF INFORMANT H. A. Welles, 1106 North 27th, Lincoln

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1. Ancestry English, Scotch

2. Place and date of birth [Modina, Lenewce?] county, Michigan November 20, 1868

3. Family Wife, himself

4. Places lived in, with dates Michigan & Minnesota, 1868-1873 Nebraska, 1873-1938

5. Education, with dates High School

6. Occupations and accomplishments, with dates

Printer, woodworker for forty years.

7. Special skills and interests

Printer engraver, wood engraver-makes coats-of-arms.

8. Community and religious activities

First Christian Church.

9. Description of informant

Small, white-haired, very deaf.

10. Other points gained in interview

Points of a printer of the old standards. One of the last printers of his time. Has family tree and history of his family down to his son.

FORM C Text of Interview (Unedited)

NAME OF WORKER George Hartman ADDRESS 2438 W., Lincoln.

Library of Congress

DATE November 9, 1938 SUBJECT Folklore

NAME AND ADDRESS OF INFORMANT H. A. Welles, 1106 No. 27th, Lincoln.

My ancestors came from Normandy in 1000, settled in England and were all members of Royal families. They were one of the founders of Protestant religion. They were lords, barons and chancellors in England. My ancestors received grants from Henry the third because they were good poets. We tried to get some of these poems back but were unsuccessful.

I handed down to my son a sword that was made in [1883?] when he joined the Knights of Pythias lodge. I have [casted?] many coat of arms and at present am casting one for my son. Our coat of arms is the lion and the [demaocrm?] and goes clear back to 1000 in the reign of Henry the third. I have all of the family tree in print and have a picture of Sir John Welles and his wife. Our name originally was D'Welles and all of the people in the United States by the name of Wells or Welles originated from this English family. My son is the last one of the family bearing this name. Old Darling Cloe In the old Carolina state, Where the sweet magnolia blooms And the [piesininny?] darkies learn to hoe There is one I long to see She was always true to me But I have not seen her Since we all are free Darling Cloe, Darling Cloe Your sweet face I shall soon shall see, I know 2 Where the Southern breeze Fans the old Palmento trees I am going back to see my Darling Cloe—————
(This is not complete.)

When I first started in the printing business, everything was printed on wood. There was [wood-cuts?] wood type and the press printed by means of a screw on top of the printing press. Printing is on the of the oldest inventions there was. Goatskins and parchments where first used as paper.

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My observation of a printer of fifty years of experience, I think he is a benefactor to mankind. It won't be many years until little shops like mine will be obsolete because inventions are coming up all of the time.

I was offered the chance in 1894 to buy ten shares of the Mercantile Linotype for one dollar each. If I had bought these ten shares I would now be a millionaire. I operated the first linotype machine that was ever made. The machine is now on exhibition in Astoria, Oregon. Astoria is 100 miles down the river from Portland.

I first came to Nebraska in 1884. We settled at Nebraska City. When I was 17 I started in the printing business. I made fifty cents a week on the Humboldt Standard. I was the printer's devil learning to set type. A short time later I was working for nine dollars a week setting type at Falls City.

I had charge of the World's largest printing plant at Winona, Minnesota, at the J. R. Watkins Medicine company. This company did their own printing. We got an almanac that took twenty-four carloads of paper. We put out 2 1/2 million copies of that book.

Winona was an Indian maiden pursued by a buck. He was after her and she jumped and killed herself. Thus we have the name of Winona, Minnesota.

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Early Nebraska people did not have superstitions unless it was of the Indians. People were naturally afraid of them because they were so tricky and you didn't know which one to trust. It must be remembered that the grounds the Indians used for [hunting?], fishing were taken away from them by the whites and naturally the chief sin of the Indians was that he was a thief although the Indian didn't think so as he thought that it was no retribution against the whites for taking his happy hunting grounds away. The chief dread of the white women was thinking that someday her sons or daughters might be kidnapped or killed by an Indian.

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Something you do not see today that you saw yesterday was men going around selling Indian herbs and cure-alls. Also you saw Indians selling this and that remedy and strange as it seems, they had a good repeat business on their herbs and other medicine.

An old song I've heard lots of times:

Poor [Lonesome?] Cowboy I ain't got no father, I ain't got no father, To buy the clothes I wear. I'm a poor lonesome cowboy, I'm a poor lonesome cowboy, And a long ways from home. I ain't got no mother, To mend the clothes I wear, I ain't got no sister To go and play with me. I ain't got no brother To drive the cattle with me. I ain't got no sweetheart, To sit and talk with me. I'm a poor lonesome cowboy, I'm a poor lonesome cowboy, And long ways from home.

4

There was many things done in the early day to rid Nebraska of the saloons. Many men would spend all of their money and their children would go hungry and also their wives would have to take in washings to provide. In one small town of Nebraska there was three saloons each having to pay a license of one thousand dollars each a year and yet they (saloon keepers) thrived. There was the society called "Red Ribbon" the idea was to raise money to provide libraries to keep men away from the saloons.

An old ballad reveals the fast of gallantry and of honor. A part is of follows: And first De Welles, my gallant peer—— [May?], shrink not now thy praise to hear Whose battle-axe and ready to spear Such daring deeds have done; I gave thee lands in [Lincolnshire?], Bravely by valor won. So for thy land in [Lincolnshire?], My brave De Welles, my valiant peer, On Christmas day of every year, In future, shall thou bring, A barley loaf upon they spear, As [baker?] to thy king. With loud hurrahs to Castle rang; The banners on the walls they hang; The trumpets brayed, the Minstrels sang; De Welles with reverence bowed; Then lightly on his charger sprang, And vanished from the crowd. Old Grinby's castle, grim

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and gray— The scene of many a revel gay— Dark woods — the haunts of elfins lay— And smiling meadows fair, Long suned “De Welles” lordly away Long claimed “De Welles” care.

But Golden appears in our ancestors in Ecclesiastic relations. The Christian religion is one of the threads of the family, especially the ministry and office bearers in the church. The first bishop was Hugo de Welles, 5 1209 of Lincoln, England. He built a part of that great ecclesiastical edifice. He secured the signing of the Magna Carta by King John, 1215 A. D. It begins as follows:

“John, by the grace of God, King of England. To the bishops, Earls, Barons, Governors, and others, his faithful subjects, Greeting, know ye that we, in advice of our venerable fathers, “[Hugo?] De.Welles” of Lincoln, Joslyn de Welles of Bath,” etc. This great charter of British freedom contains the Bishopis seal of Hugo and Joslyn de Welles. These two eminent men rendered great service to King John, and nothing save a conscientious faith in principles could have [swerved?] faith in principles could have [swerved?] them from this loyalty.” (this is a repetition no doubt in the manuscript.)

Another poem that was written in about 1888, March 2nd.

To Mr. and Mrs. Myron Welles — By Mrs. Olive De Weise. How sweet to have lived together, Through so many changing years, Through bright, and stormy weather, Through sunshine and tears. When the spring of life was in it's bloom, And hope gave rest to youth, You at the sacred altar stood, And plighted vows of truth. May this your Golden Wedding Day, Be bright with love enhanced, Recalling only happy [?] Through which you have advanced, And may you each as life grows cold, Be sheltered by a sunny sky, And only know that you are old, By counting happy years gone by. When time brings sleep which all must know, May you awake above, And this golden day be remembered in Heaven, For Love Is Heaven, and Heaven is Love.

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This poem was written of our father after they settled in the United States.—— 6 “Beyond the Atlantic's asure tide, By many a hardship sorely tried, The Welles scattered far and wide Of this old lineage, Have little left, save honest pride Of their rich heritage.”

During the civil war my grandfather had a cave on his farm at Chester, Ohio. This cave was used to hide Negro slaves from the southerners. The slaves were hid there during Morgan's raid in Ohio.

Note: Mr. Welles had a collection of coat-of-arms he has casted for various people. He has some beautiful work done this way.